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till I come back—my aunt is so hard of hearing she's a bad watch."

"Never fear, avourneen; but iv ids a fair question where are ye goin' a lanna?"

"To live in the town of — for a week, to be married, and come back."

"Och, the world for ye, Nelly—it's yersel's the girl in the gap; didn't I show ye the ring t'other night, a hegar, an' shure its ye deserves the bouchal gannule (handsome boy)—anyway ye's 'ill have the bonny childer, the heavens may presarve them."

As the week drew to a close, Charles told his mother he was going for three or four days to pay a visit to a friend. She made no comment, and he set out for the town. When getting the license, on hearing his name, the vicar-general said, speaking with great deliberation as he filled up the blanks in the paper,

"You are the son of Mr. Ellard of —; take care, young man, I fear you are about to make a foolish match."

While the gentleman was speaking, Charles coloured deeply, and looked despairingly at Berne, his companion, who was standing at his back. He whispered—

"Say ye're the son iv the saddler."

This was not heard by the vicar. Charles instantly replied—

"I am the son of the saddler at —."*

"I trust it is as you say," resumed the vicar, looking more earnestly at the young man, "but you are extremely like my friend. I should be sorry his son disgraced himself."

"There's more Paddy Lee's in the world nor one—like's a bad mark," interrupted Mickey.

"Silence, Sir," repeated the minister, "I hope you are not leading the young man astray whoever he may be," and he proceeded to administer the necessary oaths, which both young men subscribed without hesitation, and carried off the license in triumph.

The morning of the wedding-day rose in unclouded splendour, and almost with the glorious luminary of day, Charles Ellard was up. He was that morning to be put in possession of a long sought happiness; yet he was not free from some compunctious thoughts: however, Mickey seeming to dread this, left him not long alone. As early as they could prevail on the clergyman to come, they all met in the church. Kitty was also in a state of feverish anxiety until the knot was tied.

Early as the hour was, curiosity brought some idlers into the church; however, but three persons stood before the altar. The reverend gentleman commenced the service, and proceeded to that part of the exhortation—"Therefore if any man can shew any just cause why they may not be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace." He paused on pronouncing these words, and ere he resumed, a deep-toned voice from one side of the building, exclaimed—

"I forbid the banns."

There was a general movement among the spectators, and the clergyman said—

"Ha! come forward and show cause."

Charles grew red and pale, alternately, and the colour entirely faded from Kitty's countenance, as a tall weather-beaten, ill-clad man, approached; on coming more within the influence of the light, she gazed on him earnestly, and with a fearful scream, fell insensible to the earth.

"What d'ye mane by puttin' us through other this away?" said Mickey, who was the only self-possessed person of the party.

"I claim that woman as my wife*—here is the certificate of our marriage," replied the stranger, and reached the paper to the clergyman.

"Who the deuce 'id b'leeve a word ye say?—go long about yer bisness," roared Mickey in a violent rage.

"There's some will, at all events," calmly returned the man, adding, as the police-men came forward—"there's your prisoner—I accuse that man of robbery."

It was now Mickey's turn to be chop-fallen, and he looked more like a corpse than a living person, as he was

led trembling out of the church. Before Kitty was recovered from the death-like swoon, Mrs. Ellard joined the party. She did not upbraid her son—but taking his hand, said in a broken voice—

"Thank Providence, my child—you are rescued."

"Never, I trust, to fall into the same snare," whispered he, and they soon after left the town together.

The sequel must be brief. From the day Mrs. Ellard had conversed with Nelly, that sapient person conceived she should benefit more by serving the lady than Kitty; however, she prudently kept fair with both. It was through her means, Mrs. Ellard became acquainted with Charles's plans; and she agreed with Nelly, it was better to come to a point—the marriage could be stopped at the time of celebration. In some of her ramblings through the country, the week before the wedding-day, Nelly encountered a man, to all appearance, a broken soldier; they entered into conversation with much ingenuity and cross-questioning. She made out that he was in search of a wife who believed him dead, and that this wife was Kitty. Such a fortuitous circumstance was beyond her most sanguine expectations, and she resolved to reap the benefit of it. She took him to Mrs. Ellard, and the plan, the *denouement* of which we have described, was settled between them. The night before the soldier met Nelly, he had been robbed, and the following day recognised Mickey Berne as the person who had despoiled him, but at Nelly's instigation forbore taking him up until the morning of the wedding, and brought the police into the church for this purpose.

Thus deprived of the destructive influence of those evil counsellors, Berne and Kitty, Charles Ellard's better principles were more brought into practice; and in the end he became a real source of consolation to his mother, who declared she dated her subsequent happiness from—the wedding day. W.

A FATHER'S FAREWELL.

Come near to me, my gentle girl,

Come share a father's parting sorrow—

And weep with me those tears to-day,

Nor thou, nor I, may weep to-morrow.

Come, lean once more upon my breast,

As when a simple child caressing,

For another day, and far, far away

Wilt thou be, from thy father's blessing.

The wind blows fairly for the sea—

The white waves round the bark are swelling—

Thy lover sighs for the morn to rise,

And make thee a bride, my gentle Ellen;—

Yet closer, closer round me cling—

Though another claim thy love to-morrow,

None, none are here to reprove the tear

That flows to-day for a father's sorrow.

Come, gaze on me, thou darling child,

My fairest, and my fondest cherish'd,

That I may trace on thy placid face,

Thy mother's beauty ere she perish'd.

And let me hear thy mother's song

Yet once more from thy sweet lip swelling—

And none again shall sing that strain,

The last song of my gentle Ellen.

And say, that when between us lie

Wide lands and many a mountain billow,

Thy heart will tend to thine earliest friend,

And think in prayer of his aged pillow.

For my head is white with winter snow

No earthly sun away may carry,

Until I come to my waiting home—

The last home where the aged tarry.

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